

Island Of Old Children

by Ella Shively

Moningwanakauning is a nursery. The stones here on this island are born from the hard labor of water and Earth, a millennia of crushing pressure and parental angst. I dig my toes in the sand, unearthing little white rocks buried like baby teeth in the pebbly beaches of nostalgia. The Earth and Inland Sea feather their nest with pine trees.

Dipped underwater, Monet's lilies bloom across this drab pebble in my hand. Beneath the surface, a rust-speckled stone glistens red.

There are hunks of compressed history the size of my fingernail scattered across the sand. I toss them into Lake Superior, playing God, undoing and redoing the long processes of geologic time. I select a fist-sized rock from the beach and hurl it into the waves as hard as I can.

Against the vast hissing and hushing of Gichi-Gami, I cannot hear the splash.



Nathan Farvour



Michael DeWitt



Matt Jensen



Brad Bellisle